

PS

3539

H63E4

1901



ECHOES
OF
SPRING

AARON BELFORD THOMPSON



Class PS3539

Book .H63 E4

Copyright N^o 1901

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Echoes of Spring.

BY

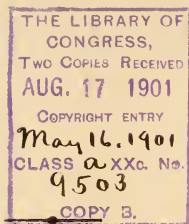
Aaron Belford Thompson.
Author of "Morning Songs."

PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY THE AUTHOR.

ROSSMOYNE, OHIO.

1901

rw



PS 3539
H63 E4
1901

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year, 1901,
by Aaron Belford Thompson, in the office of the
Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
AUG 17 1901
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
MAY 16 1901
CLASS aXXc. No.
9503
COPY B.



AARON BELFORD THOMPSON.

TO

MY BROTHER GARLAND,

THIS BOOK IS (WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION)

DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR,

WHO OWES MORE THAN HE CAN EVER ACKNOWLEDGE
OR FORGET

TO HIS BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

INTRODUCTION.

I hereby present to the public, this little volume of poems entitled "Echoes of Spring." In it I have endeavored to comply with the special request of the readers, of my firstling, "Morning Songs," by deviating here and there with a love ballad, or a humorous selection, in my little volume.

I hope this will prove satisfactory to my readers.

THE AUTHOR.



Echoes of Spring.

A MORNING SCENE.

Did you ever wake at morning,
 When the sun is shining bright;
Look upon the great horizon,
 And behold a wondrous sight?

'Tis a picture men's been trying,
 Centuries on centuries past;
No—no tongue can e'er describe it,
 Nor no brush complete the task.

'Tis a picture far more greater,
 Than an artist ever drew ;
Azure sky and golden sunshine—
 Grass with diamond-jeweled dew.

Oft the old bards hath attempted,
 And the Muse with sighs and tears,
Turned away too deep for utterance,
 Lost to whisper in their ears.

Echoes of Spring.

And the artistes together,
 Gaze with rapturous eyes so long;
One desires to paint the picture,
 One desires to sing the song.

But the hand of great Jehovah,
 Paints the scene that meets man's-eye,
Mingled with gold tinted sunlight,
 And the azure in the sky.

So man gaze at early morning,
 With perplexing puzzled frown;
And his mind lacks understanding,
 As the golden sun goes down.

Echoes of Spring.

TO HELEN.

Oh Helen! thou art passing fair,
With locks of sable hue;
So glossy is thy curly hair,
Surpass thy beauty few.

Thy smile is like a rainbow tint.
That lights the sky above;
Deep in my heart hast Cupid sent,
A shaft, dipped deep with love.

I look upon thy dark brown face,
Thy laughing eyes I see;
Could I with gifted power but trace,
Thy love in store for me!

Oh Helen! thou art passing fair,
Thou oft hast heard me sigh;
From wounded love in deep despair,
Of thee, heard no reply.

Echoes of Spring.

Turn not with modest smiles away,
Thou little timid dove;
But list unto my plea this day,
And hear my song of love.

A SERENADE.

Come, open the window,
My sweet dusky maid!
And list to my singing,
A love serenade!
A love serenade!

There's music and love,
Afloat in the air,
'Tis all on account,
Of a damsel so fair;
A damsel so fair.

Echoes of Spring.

My harp is in tune,
And my hand is in plight,
But my love-sick heart,
Is a burden to night,
A burden to night.

Oh! list to my ditty,
My beautiful Grace,
And show me once more,
A smile on thy face,
A smile on thy face.

And oh! what a blessing,
Of joy it would be,
If some day you'd open,
Your heart unto me,
Your heart unto me.

I'd sing like the song-birds,
'Mong blossoms of June,
A ballad of love
To a livelier tune,
A livelier tune,

Echoes of Spring.

BYGONE DAYS.

Looking far back to my child-hood's day,
As the river of time drifts by,
When my infant hands, found nothing
but play,
A tear-drop oft rise to my eye.

And I say, "Oh time, thou art drifting
so fast!
My bark down the stream swiftly glide,
For short, short, it seems though long
it has been;
Since my bark was first launched in the tide."

And since my afloat down the river of time,
My days all commingled have been;
The sun has shone down, a light from his
crown,
And the storm-winds have fallen with rain.

Echoes of Spring.

And the lightning hath flashed,
And the thunder hath roared,
Like a hungry lion in lair;
And the white sails out-spread of my bark
 over head,
Hath yielded her wings to the air.

To music and song, my bark drifts along,
Her banners afloat on the gale;
I oft list the cry, of the curlews in sky,
While fast drift my bark down the vale.

When the weather is fair, and balmy the air,
A sweet breath arise on the breeze—
From flowers in bloom, a wholesome perfume,
And bright is the hue of the leaves.

So short is my stay! by night and by day,
I leave rapturous scenes far behind;
While my bark rides the wave, like a war-
 rior brave,
With banners afloat on the wind.

Echoes of Spring.

So I yield to my fate, with composure I'll
 wait,
View each scene that my bark drifts me by;
So fast down the tide, in my bark I will ride,
To that Land where our tears shall be dried.

TALE OF THE WIND.

Wind upon thy reckless travel,
 Blowing rubbish to and fro,
Bearing dust, and sand, and gravel
 Whence thou come and where thou go?

Oft I've heard thee on thy pinions,
 Like the mighty thunder's roar;
Saw huge trees 'neath thy dominions
 Fall to earth, exist no more.

Echoes of Spring.

Thou dost reign upon the mountain,
On the ocean vast and deep;
Cools the brooklet, cools the fountain,
Fans the wild flowers in their sleep.
Pause awhile, kind wind, and tell me,
From what source thou comest, oh where?
In my song I'll e'er commend thee,
Oh, thou Monarch of the Air!

And the wind in martial measure,
Howling fiercely with a gale,
Thrilled my soul with fearful pleasure,
As he sang to me, this tale.

THE TALE.

By unknown ways I come to man,
On crystal wings I fly;
I make a tour through all the land,
And through the cloudy sky.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

Echoes of Spring.

Sometimes with zephyrs soft and calm,
 sometimes with breezes warm;
Sometimes midst fragrance from the balm,
 Sometimes a raging storm.
Still, still, I hold the secret dear,
 O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am.
 No mortal man shall know.

Oft I ascend the loftiest height,
 And scale the rocky steep;
Where soars the eagle far from sight,
 Where dwells the mountain sheep.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
 O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
 No mortal man shall know.

My mighty wings, are wondrous strong,
 I frequent every spot;
Earth's fleeting throng, has heard me long,
 Yet no man sees me not.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
 O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
 No mortal man shall know.

Echoes of Spring.

Forever on my crystal wings,
Through bygone years I've flown;
Beyond the birth of earthly things,
And ev'ry man I've known.
Still, still, I hold the secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

I've fanned the infant's curly locks,
Oft kissed the maidens fair,
And far among the cavern rocks,
Have sought the hermit there.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

The battles fought in many a clime,
I've witnessed ev'ry fray;
Midst clanking swords and martial chime,
I've cleared the smoke away.
Still, still, I hold my secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

Echoes of Spring.

So zealous youth record my song,
While zephyrs gently blow ;
Methink thou hast detained me long,
On journey I must go.
Yet, still, I hold the secret dear,
O'er which men marvel so,
For whence I come, and what I am,
No mortal man shall know.

YES.

There is a little simple word,
You've oftentimes heard it spoken ;
Our deepest thoughts, this word has stirred,
Has healed the hearts once broken.

It sometimes comes with dreadful pain,
Sometimes with happiness,
What! must I tell it you again?
That little word is Y-E-S.

Echoes of Spring.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

I sat me down at twilight,
 When the even sun was low,
And his rays still bright,
Cast a golden light,
 As the day was dying slow.

All things seemed weary and silent,
 Save where the beetle flew,
And the dreary wind,
With a sad, sad din,
 Bid the dying day adieu.

I gazed on the buds and leaflets,
 All coated with sweet summer dew,
And the bright golden west,
Brought a sigh to my breast,
 And the thoughts of a dear one I knew.

Echoes of Spring.

For many an eve 'mong blossom and leaves,
In the sweet happy moments of bliss,
When the west sun was low,
And the zephyrs did blow,
In the calm hour of twilight like this,

We had gazed on the sun at the closing of day,
As we sat in the bowers of June,
In a restful repose,
Midst flower and rose;
Alas! came her twilight too soon.

Like a bud, when its calyx half oped to the wind
Is plucked ere it bursts in full bloom,
Mixed with blossoms and vine,
Then with garlands entwine,
And helplessly yields to its doom,

So the angel of death saw it fit through
his power,
And he plied his sickle and dart;
'Mong the choice buds he plucked,
To mix with rare flower,
Was a treasure esteemed in my heart.

Echoes of Spring.

And oft in the even of twilight,
 when the scenes draw on like this,
My thoughts drift above,
To a dear one I love,
 Far away to the sweet Land of Bliss.

LOVE'S PASSION.

When love is centered in the breast,
 And o'er the soul doth reign,
'Tis hard to break the union's tie,
 And sever links in twain.

'Tis hard to turn away from one,
 On whom our minds doth rest,
And sea! the doors of secret love,
 By reason's stern request.

And when we break the bond of love,
 It leaves a heart felt sore;
A lasting plague is severed love,
 Of anguish and of woe.

Echoes of Spring.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

I had a dream of my love last night,
When the moon was low and the stars shone bright
I saw as it seemed, a halo of white;
Encircled a swart damsel fair.

Her voice was so clear and sweet did she sing,
Her fingers danced over each golden string,
As she sang to the time of Cupid's bright dart.
And each note seemed to pierce through my
heart,

But I knew not the song that she sang.

Her teeth were as white as the snow flakes that
fall;

Her delicate form was graceful and tall;
Her vesture was purple and curled was her hair,
So sweet was her music that echoed in air;

But I knew not the song that she sang.

Though she stood in the distance, plain my eyes
could behold,

Her jewels of sapphire, of rubies, and gold;
So gently and sweet did her tender voice flow;
Her music was sweet, and her music was low,

But I knew not the song that she sang.

Echoes of Spring.

She sang with that ease and melodious grace,
Belonging to none but our *Ethiope* race;
And her dark eyes shone bright,
With a sweet, calm, delight,
 But I knew not the song that she sang.

I asked for the song, at the sweet, closing strain,
She smiled with a bow and sang it again,
So sweet and so soothing her love-song did sound
And sweeter the notes reechoed around;
 But I knew not the song that she sang.

I looked on the beauty her form did embrace,
That angelic smile, on her fair swarthy face;
Enamored, I asked for her heart and her hand,
Embarassed, she fled to a far away land,
 But I knew not the song that she sang.

Echoes of Spring.

A MEMORIAL.

Rest, oh rest in peaceful slumber!
 'Neath the sod and mouldring clay;
Thou art with death's chosen people;
 In his charge you've passed away

Three score ten, and more thy summers,
 Thou hast labored not in vain;
Thou hast wrought the task assigned thee;
 "Sow, and thou shalt reap again."

And thy spirit crossed the river,
 When the even sun was low;
When old Jordan's tide was calmest;
 And the storm-winds cease to blow.

In that harbor, safely landed,
 On the shore of Beulah Land,
White-robed angels all around thee,
 Reaching for the pilgrim's hand,

Echoes of Spring.

While the harp rings out with anthems,
And the choir, a mighty throng,
Joins in unison, the music,
As they sing a blissful song.

And the Saviour comes to greet thee,
And His son He proudly own;
Saying "Well done faithful servant,
Welcome to my Father's throne."

So we'll bid each friend and kindred,
Dry their weeping, tearful, eyes;
And rejoice that he's in heaven,
In that Land beyond the skies.

Should our lives be three score summers,
May we leave a name like this;
Then, we'll wear a crown, in Glory,
In the land of Heavenly Bliss.

Echoes of Spring.

AN ODE TO IRELAND.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

A song to old Ireland, tho' simple and silly,
I'll sing to the shamrock, I'll sing of the lily,
I'll sing of her sons and her daughters the
while—

The lords and the peasants, of Emerald Isle.

Were I but enchanted, I'd rise in the air,
And warble a ditty, beyond all compare;
Of her warriors tried, who wielded the sword,
In that fierce bloody battle, of Old Yellow
Ford.

In Shannon's sweet waters, I'd glide in my
bark,
And chant you a ditty, of Dublin and Cork;
Her chieftains, who headed her men on the
field,
The valiant O'Donnels, and dauntless O'Neils.

I'd sing of her bards, but weak is my tongue,
My voice is too faint, and my harp is unstrung
To sing such a measure, to give them just due,
'Twould be such a ballad, the world never
knew.

Echoes of Spring.

So I'll sing of old Erin, a ballad of praise,
Her shamrocks and lilies, her upland and
braes;
A toast and a ballad, to that Isle 'cross the
sea;
Long life to her peasants, and lords of
degree.

SANTA CLAUS' SLEIGH RIDE.

DEDICATED TO MY LITTLE NIECES AND NEPHEWS.

'Twas late in the month of December,
And all things were merry and gay;
When Santa Claus came from his dwelling
of fame,
And took up the reins in his sleigh.

Ere he seated, he sounded his bugle,
In a tone that was cheering and clear;
He then cried out, with a merry old shout,
To his three score span of deer.

Echoes of Spring.

Then away with a loud, merry, clatter,
His bells echoed loud on the wind;
And he and his sleigh, were soon far away,
While his mansion lay far, far, behind.

His reindeer were active and nimble,
They bounded in haste through the snow;
For short was the night, to take such a flight,
To millions of homes, don't you know.

His stay was short in each dwelling,
Where the little ones slept in their beds,
And leaving some toys, for the girls and
the boys,
He 'gan mounted roofs overhead.

In some climes the snow had not fallen,
Then what did Old Santa Claus do?
Why— he yelled to his deer, in a voice shrill
and clear;
They mounted the air, and they flew.

Echoes of Spring.

And long 'fore it dawned Christmas morning,
 He had made his journey complete;
From his three score deer, he took all the
 gear,
And piled them, a heap at his feet.

His good wife then gave him a bumper,
 Of claret, all sparkling and strong.
And she sang him a health, and she
 wished him wealth;
That his life might be happy and long.

All weary from hasty exertion,
 And a long, long, ride in his sleigh.
When the bright dawn did peep, he was
 sound, sound asleep.
And that's how he spent Christmas day.

Echoes of Spring.

EULOGY ON THE FARM.

WRITTEN FOR THE FARMER'S INSTITUTE OF
BLUE ASH OHIO.

Could I but sing to you in rhyme,
Like old bards learned and hoary;
My notes would echo on the wind,
And tell a stirring story.

With sweetest song, of music strong,
With notes of graceful measure,
I'd bear the rhythm to along,
And sing it in my leisure.

'Twould be about the many farms,
Within our native county;
When spring renews her vernal charms,
And dawns the harvest bounty.

When zephyrs blow, where brooklets flow,
Through meads 'mong grasses tender,
Where bright the modest violets grow,
And blooms with nature's splendor.

Echoes of Spring.

When orchard trees are filled with bloom,
And all the air perfuming,
What charms bedecks the farmer's home,
While each task he's resuming.

With ceaseless moil, he turns the soil,
And furrows throw together;
He lends his brawny hands to toil,
And welcomes summer weather.

He works with valorous strength each day,
Though oft at night he's weary;
His manly heart beats proud and gay,
Through midnight hours so dreary.

His many fields abundance yields,
From corn, wheat-fields, to meadow,
Each fleeting hour, a new growth steals,
From night to noon-tide's shadow.

His cattle 'mong the wood-land hills,
And fields of rank green clover,
Sips water from the flowing rills,
Where minnows love to hover.

Echoes of Spring.

I cannot sing like bards of old,
 With music sweet and tender,
Yet in my feeble song, though bold,
 The girls and boys remember.

Beauty and grace bedeck the face,
 Of all the farmer maidens;
And many a kindly deeds retrace,
 Her hands, with beauty laden.

Concealed behind life's curtains drawn,
 Oft honored fame lies waiting,
For woman-hoods' and man-hoods' dawn,
 With valorous deeds relating.

Now don't disdain my closing strain,
 There's naught like country living;
I fain would sing of courting swains,
 And annual bounties given.

For 'tis the farm with boys and girls,
 And fruitful crops a growing,
That constitutes our living world,
 With health and plenty flowing.

Echoes of Spring.

May God bestow a helping hand,
To all an ample bounty;
With blessings on the farmer's land,
And on our dear old county.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is Love? now who can tell?
Hast thou e'er possessed the spell?
If thou hast, thou know'st full well;
In thy heart a germ doth dwell,
That no power can e'er expell.
That is Love.

And the soul oft-times doth seem,
Lulled with blissful happy dream;
Then with fear 'tis roused again,
Mingled with sad tears and pain.
That is Love.

Still there's something left untold,
Could my languid tongue express,
But the mystery don't unfold;
'Tis the power true Love possess.
What is Love?

Echoes of Spring.

GOOD-NIGHT

The sun sinks low into the west;
The weary toilers hies for rest;
The birds have sheltered in their nest.
Good-night! good-night.

The hour is calm, the zephyrs still;
I hear the singing whip-poor-will;
Her music echoes 'mong the hill.
Good-night! good-night.

A throng of beetles fill the air;
The fire flies' lamp a brilliant glare;
From whence they've flown I know not
where.
Good-night! good-night.

And gazing on this scene I trow,
At night fall when the sun is low.
The breeze so calm and gently blow
Good-night! good-night.

As darkness veils the nightly hour,
Faint grows the dying daylight's power,
And close the calyx of the flower.
Good-night! good-night.

Echoes of Spring.

Deep in my heart a small voice say,
A doom shall fall thee as this day,
And all thy friends shall to thee say,
Good-night! good-night.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

In the fields of Judea near Bethlehem town,
While shepherds did watch their flocks
on the green,
Behold, from the heavens an angel came down,
And a bright gleaming star appeared on
on the scene.

“Fear not!” said the angel, glad tidings I bring
And the glories from heaven in splendor
shown down;
“In the city of David, this day comes a king;
He lies in a manger at Bethlehem town.”

Then a heavenly host with harps in their hand
Surrounded that angel, a heavenly
sight;
Singing—“glory to God and good will to men.”
Then ascended in air and was lost from
the sight.

Echoes of Spring.

Then the shepherds arose and deserted
 their fold;
 Went forth to that city and Jesus they found;
They knelt down and praised him, and so
 we are told,
 From thence they departed, and noised it
 around.

Yes, His name has been noised from thence
 to this day,
 As we wake from our slumber on bright
 Christmas morn.
The church bell are chiming, our pulses beat
 gay;
 Earth's mortals rejoices that Jesus is born.

Echoes of Spring.

THE ROSE.

I looked upon the blooming rose,
Beheld her beauty rare;
I breathed her effervescence sweet,
That filled the balmy air.

Her petals clung like jewels strung,
On some great monarch's crown;
The west winds blew; her petals fell,
Like snow upon the ground.

I marveled why so pure a flower,
All glorious to the eye;
Possessed with charms and blooming prime,
Should drop her leaves and die.

A gentle zephyr fanned my brow,
And roused a feeling strange;
Plain I could see, why it should be,
All living things must change.

Echoes of Spring.

A LOVE SONG.

The veil of night has come between,
The golden sun and I;
Sweet love to me has intervened,
I know not how, nor why.

And every balmy breeze that blow,
The rustling leaves above;
Like harmonizing music flow,
And whisper sighs of love.

I've ofttimes launched in land of dreams,
Through realms of thorns and flowers;
But love still lights my weary way,
Through sad and happy hours.

Now list my song, my lady love,
While each note clear doth swell;
Each note vibrates a promise true,
I ask thee, Is it well?

Echoes of Spring.

BEYOND THE TOMB.

Back from the tomb, departed friend!
Back from yon heavenly clime!
Back from thy toilsome journey's end!
Back, on the wings of time!

Retrace old Jordan's deluge tide,
Through misty vales between!
Come gently to this mortal's side,
And solve a nation's dream!

Man's eyes are sealed from God's domain,
He knows not what's to come;
Knows not his morrow's lost or gain,
His senses, naught but dumb.

The silent tomb unseals man's eyes,
His soul seeks realms unseen;
Up where the many Mansions rise,
Hid by yon azure screen.

Echoes of Spring.

Could but the humblest minded soul,
 Retrace Death's misty glen;
To hear the hidden wonders told,
 Would throng earth's wisest men.

And list'ning to that wondrous tale,
 Man's boastful pride would tame;
And all his foolish myths would quail!
 He'd hide his face with shame.

Back from the tomb, departed friend!
 Back from the Realms of Light!
Reveal life's mystic tie to men,
 Bring wisdom, lore, and might!



Echoes of Spring.

MISS SUSIE'S SOCIAL.

Did you hear about the social
That took place at Susie Greenes'?
That's so, you were off at college;
Well—you missed one swell old scene.

I was there, and sakes 'o Goodness!
What a swell old time we had;
Odor steaming from the kitchen,
'Nough to drive the hungry mad.

And a mighty crowd of people,
Came a flocking through the door;
Dressed in finest silks and satins,
Gals I never saw before.

Brown skin gals with yellah fellahs,
Yellah gals, with brown skin boys,
All a smiling and contented;
For the social they enjoyed.

Echoes of Spring.

Lucy Brooks and Sally Carter,
'Pon my word were looking fine,
Bet you can't pick out two ladies,
That can take away their prime.

They 're the finest gals I reckon,
Can be found for miles around;
Lucy came with Levy Johnson,
Sally came with Ely Brown.

Brown, he works for Doctor Collyer;
Being both about a size,
All the Doctor's cast off clothing,
Falls to him a captured prize.

With Miss Sally hanging to him,
I can see that couple yet;
She a handsome yellah lady,
He so stately, black as jet.

Close behind, came Levy Johnson,
And his face a lookin' light;
Lucy Brooks was hangin' to him,
She was any thing but white.

Echoes of Spring.

Susie Greene?— I'd nigh forgot her,
Dressed to death, and lookin' gran',
Huggin', kissin' all the ladies,
Speakin' sweet to every man.

If I'd try to tell all 'bout it,
Several hours I'm sure 'twould take;
So I'll shorten up the story,
And now tell who won the cake

After payin' pawns with kisses,
Playin' ev'ry sort 'o game.
Aunt Matilda— Susie's mother,
Smilin', in the parlor came.

In her hand she held a waiter,
With a cake of 'normous size;
Coated o'er with blood red icin',
That attracted all the eyes.

"Now," She said, "young men an' ladies,
Git together two an' two!
An' the couple walks the fines',
This big cake belongs to you."

Echoes of Spring.

Such a scramblin' then for partners,
And the couples formed in line,
Were led off by big Jim Lucas,
Puttin' on such monkey shines.

Walkin' knock kneed, walkin' jubah,
Walkin' cripple, walkin' sprung,
And his big cane filled with ribbons,
To the lively music swung.

Arthur Brooks and Sophie Woodson,
Struttin' to the music's sound,
Made a most delightful figure;
Following Jim around an' round.

Lucy Brooks an' Sally Carter,
With their partners was n't slow
And they walked so light and graceful,
Turnin', smilin', bowin' low.

So between these three fine couples,
There arose a mighty test;
And it puzzled all them judges,
Hard to tell who walked the best.

Echoes of Spring.

But I b'lieve 't was Levy Johnson,
He and Lucy won the prize;
Big Man! cut that cake wide open,
Boastin' of its monstrous size.

Soon we had a joke upon them,
When Miss Carter made it known,
That the cake with blood red icin',
Was a great big Co' n-Bread-Pone.

After the big laugh was over,
We all parted from that spree;
What you say? it must been midnight.
It was almost half past three.

Echoes of Spring.

MIDWINTER'S REFLECTION.

Oh for one ray of summer-sun,
To light the cloudy sky;
 With scorching heat and golden rays,
 That shone upon those bygone days,
When birds were singing nigh.

'Twould banish ice and snow away,
And paint a vernal scene;
 The little brooks would ripple 'long,
 The red bird would renew her song,
'Twould turn those hills to green.

The violets that's sleeping now,
Far down beneath the snow,
 Would soon in modesty conceal,
 For fear their beauty might reveal,
Some harm to them I trow.

And all the wood that's sad and sear,
With spectral arms outspread,
 Would don their cloaks of sparkling green,
 The summer-dew would tint the sheen,
With beauty over head.

Echoes of Spring.

The wood-land hills all robed with flowars,
That threw a sweet perfume,
 It brings a yearning to my mind,
 To leave drear wintry scenes behind,
And walk 'mong flowers of June.

The while I sit me by the fire,
Within my couuntry home,
 Fast falls the white, the silent snow,
 And fierce the searching wind doth blow,
Defies my feet to roam.

Oh! for one ray of summer sun,
Though winter has its charms,
 I'd gladly lay them all aside,
 To breast the balmy summer's tide,
With zephyrs soft and calm.



Echoes of Spring.

A REQUEST.

Effie, sweet Effie, the bright sunny day
has vanished;

For low sinks the sun:

And I feel dear love, like a wandering
dove;

In search of a lost, lost, one.

And now dearest lady, to cheer me along,
I ask thee one favor; just sing me a song!

Oh! sing me a song.

Oh, sing me a ditty, that's soothing
and pretty!

A song with its cadence, so mild and
serene,

And float thy sweet notes, on the wings
of the even!

Effie, dear Effie my sweet, sable, queen:

And now dearest lady, to cheer me along,
I ask thee one favor, just sing me a song!

Oh, sing me a song!

Echoes of Spring.

Oh, warble the song in a tender compassion,
With notes like the mock bird, that
sings in the spring,
And shape out the words in a love-ditty
fashion,
And let them each chord to a harp's golden
string!
And now my dear lady, to cheer me along,
I ask thee one favor; just sing me a song!
Oh, sing me a song!

'Tis only thy songs that can lull me to
rest,
That can soothe the strong passion of
love in my breast,
And drift my bark to a far away shore,
Where ferns and sweet roses bloom
over and o'er:
That's why dearest lady, I've begged thee
so long,
To pledge me a favor, by singing a song.

Echoes of Spring.

A DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

Far down in the land of old Dixie,
Where cane-brake and cotton-fields grow,
I saw there, a large plantation;
Which flourished long years ago:
The cabins, they were deserted,
The fences; all tumbled down,
All things about me were silent,
The slaves had deserted, and gone.

As I looked at those rude built cabins,
On that sad deserted spot,
I thought of my old forefathers,
And there humble, bitter, lot:
I gazed at the large old homestead,
On her vine clad ruined walls;
It roused within a strange feeling,
Like the sight of some dead man's pall.

While I passed through the broken down
portals,
And entered the large, spacious, halls,
The old doors squeaked on their hinges,
And saffron stained were the walls:

Echoes of Spring.

Far up in the dreary old attic,
As the winds of autumn did moan,
I thought I could hear a pleading voice,
Like a bondmaid's helpless groan.
As I entered the large old parlor,
Once flourished with southern grace,
Where oft sat the rich old planter,
In wealth by that large fireplace,
I saw no trace of existence,
Where mortals lately had been;
The drifting of time had banished her prime,
And now, shone the wages of sin.

For the power of that wicked old planter
Who once bound my fathers in chain,
Had been quelled by the hand of Jehovah;
Been severed and broken in twain:
In that fierce battle fought at old Shiloh,
By death-shots from Northern guns,
There fell four bodies all mangled;
It was the old planter and sons;
They have yielded to dust in the
churchyard,
The mother and daughter lies there;
And the broken down house all deserted,
Is now standing silent and bare.

Echoes of Spring.

The swallow had built in the chimneys,
The wren had built in the wall,
Through tangled vines and tall grasses,
The venomous serpent crawls:
The fields in which grew the white cotton,
Where the poor black slaves used to hoe,
Long since they have turned to a fallow;
There the birch and the cotton-wood grow:
'Twas the Lord who tore down that dwelling,
And checked that old planter's reign;
Each slave, He unyoked from their bondage;
And bad them to shake off their chain.

How could I look on with compassion,
And mourn o'er the planter's lost,
'Twas a just return for his vile, vile, deeds;
And his life-blood and wealth paid
the cost:
And leaving the scenes far behind me,
I returned from that dreary old place,
Whose grandure and splendor had faded,
The pages of wealth all erased.

Echoes of Spring.

MY LADY LOVE.

Of all the winsome damsels, that my eyes
 have ever seen,
 There is one, for whom my breast heaves
 constant sighs;
She is a handsome lady, she is to me a queen;
 And I of Cupid— begged his noose to catch
 the prize.

To me she is so comely, the fairest maid
 around,
 Yes— her voice is like the curlews of the
 spring;
Her ebon locks are curly, her cheeks are
 olive brown,
 And her songs of music charm me when
 she sings.

The smiles that ever lingers, upon her win-
 some face,
 Reflects like glit'ring rain-bow tints around;
My heart oft leaps with gladness, when through
 that smile I trace,
 A love concealed, by hidden blushes bound.

Echoes of Spring.

Her laugh, I can't describe it, 'tis far beyond
compare;

But it sounds like rippling waters I have
heard;

Or the flow of some sweet cadence, on the
tranquil even air;

Mingled with the gentle warble of a bird.

Although there're many a damsel, I find
them all amiss;

Compared with her my lady love, Irene;
There is none whose smile possess me, with
that sweet angelic bliss:

There is none, for she's my chosen queen.



Echoes of Spring.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I care not, said the bachelor old,
I've made no vows to hold me;
I simply tote my hard earned gold,
And have no wife to scold me.

I've lived a placid life for years,
Sunshine and gloom commingle;
My cares are small, my wants are few;
No one to please when single!

No chaps to worry me through life,
With walks my heart to tingle;
I have no wife nor fam'ly strife,
Thank God that I am single!

Echoes of Spring.

THE SELF-SAME WAY.

Oh, the journey of life, is a journey of strife,
Through darken and bright sunny day;
But after each rain, comes sunshine again,
And I'm living the self-same way.

I'm blessed with good health, but not with
much wealth;
Yet I'm happy, yes happy as they,
Who travel around with wealth and renown;
By living the self-same way.

There is nothing appear to be new each year,
I reap the same meadows of hay,
I seek the same plain, to gather my grain,
And I'm living the self-same way.

A cross thus to bear, with a burden of care.
My Saviour's sweet voice to obey,
Through joys and through tears, from year
unto year,
I'm living the self-same way.

Echoes of Spring.

NIGHT.

Night on her sable pinions,
Came down at close of day:
She took her flight,
Through the gray twilight,
And banished the sun away.
Arrayed in her dark sable garments,
With her jet black curling hair,
She paused by the brook,
And a draught she took,
While a coolness filled the air.

She lay her hand on the reaper,
Who had tilled and sowed and reaped,
And bade him to lay,
From the toils of the day,
In a restful slumber, to sleep.
And going cross meadow and valley,
And seeing things quiet and still,
She paused by the rocks,
And summoned the fox;
And cried to the wild whip-poor-will.

Echoes of Spring.

The wild fox responded to the summon,
Which came by that of the spright,
And off in the dew,
Through the meadow he flew,
And was lost in the gloom of the night-
The whip-poor-will came from her hiding
Among the fallows and trees;
She warbled and sang,
Till her sweet song rang,
Like music afloat on the breeze.

Then night drew the dark sable curtain,
Which parted the light from the day;
That the sun should not mar,
She lit up each star,
With a gleam from the white milky-way.
All robed in her dark spectral garment,
Dripping with cold midnight-dew,
She sate in repose,
Till day-light arose;
Then away from the sun-light she flew.

Echoes of Spring.

DOWN MURRAY'S HALL

Been out all night and I jes' got back;
I Jes' got back from a country ball,
You ought o' been there to see it all;
John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called;
An' we had one time down Murray's hall,
Way down the river road.

The hall was lit up with four big lights,
With four big lights that shone like day;
The whole house seemed as cheerful as May;
For laughter an' frolic, had all the sway;
Some joined the dance an' some joined th' play;
At the great big hall down Murray's hall,
Way down the river road.

There came a crowd from the West Fork side;
From the West Fork side north the river road,
And old uncle Isaac, to the crowd that rode,
Muttered an' growled how he lost on his load,
He hauled with his mules o'er the river road;
For a nickle a head, down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Echoes of Spring.

Aunt Jane Hunter came 'cross the field,
Came cross the field with her daughters, three,
Jes' 'like their mammy, but younger you see,
Modest an' pretty as pretty can be;
A lump clogged my throat when they bowed
to me,
At the great big ball down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

How many daughters? there 're only three,
There 're only three and they all were there;
Miss Alice the oldest, then comes Miss Marie,
She's one shade brighter than Alice you see;
Miss Polly's the darkest, but has the best hair,
They all were down at Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Miss Polly, the youngest had on a waist,
Of changeable silk, that glittered like gold;
Her long black hair was twisted an' rolled,
Her form was as straight as a straight May pole
Was belle of the ball at Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Echoes of Spring.

Miss Marie was dressed up to taste,
Dressed up to taste an' a lookin' gran';
Had straightened her hair, an' powdered her
face;
Had on snow-white-slippers, had buckled
her waist,
Until its circumference was scarcely a span;
And she was Some Punks at Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Miss Alice was dressed in a lavender gown,
A lavender gown artistically 'ranged
With ribbons an' laces an' pink chiffon;
A golden bracelet she had on,
Where dangled the hearts of suitors she won,
Who came a foot down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

An' little Sam Tucker was fixed up swell,
Was fixed up swell with that swallow-tail;
He toted the cape of Alvina Wells,
And she is considered the village belle;
Her dress was covered all over with veil,
She walked full three feet a head of her trail,
That followed her down to Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Echoes of Spring.

Abe Lincoln Jones, had a Jim-Swinger on,
A long Jim-Swinger, that hung 'low his knees;
The skirts of this garment did soar on the
wind,

Like the windy March weather shakes a sheet
on a line,

An' his feet jarred the dus' from the chinks
in the wall,

As he led off the dance down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

And John Lee fiddled a jocular air,
A jocular air, an' he fiddled it right;
And that old time fiddle did moan an' groan,
It woke up the sinews an' limbered the bones;
Them black folks an' yellah folks danced
that night!

That hall fair shook, and quivered the lights,
At the great big ball down Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

That yellah Jim Cross stood up on a stool,
Stood up on a stool with his back to the wall;
His loud doleful voice rang out through the
hall,

With— "Swing yo' pawtnas!" "Balance all!"
"Forward two!" "And forward fo'!"

Echoes of Spring.

You would laughed at the capers cut on that
floo',

If you were down to Murray's hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

The church folks there were more than a few,
Were more than a few down Murray's hall,
They played more games than I ever knew;
They chose their pawtnas two an' two,
Played — "Run Johnnie Willow wind the ball!"
Still John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
In the upper end of Murray's hall,
Way down the river road.

I hear the sweet voice of Miss Polly yet,
Of Miss Polly Hunter who led the play songs;
In spite of the fiddle her voice pierced the din,
Like a life pierce the corps when the drummers
begin;
An' loud rang the voices in Murray's old hall,
Where John Lee fiddled an' Jim Cross called,
Way down the river road.

Echoes of Spring.

But I'm sleepy now an' I mus' go on,
I mus' go on for I'm tired an' sore;
My shoes' too tight an' I danced all night,
My eye-lids are heavy, I don't feel right,
I was down at the ball an' saw it all,
Heard John Lee fiddle saw Jim Cross call,
I'll be 'round to morrow an' tell you more.

A CONGRATULATION.

Whut brung you from Fauginyah?

An' when did you git back?

I'm gled to see you Moses,

Sho I am, that is a fact;

An' how 'ave I been gittin' long?

I think I heard yon say,

Jes' toler'ble I thank you;

Been livin' de same ol' way.

Now how is ol' Fauginyah?

Whut route you say you took,

Through ol' Culpeppah county?

I know huh like a book;

You found down dah good people;

An' I 'lowed you would befo',

You see I wasn't lyin';

Did they hate to see you go?

Echoes of Spring.

I kin see you've had good vitt'ls,
Fah you's lookin' slick an' stout;
Dem fo'kes eat in Fauginyah,
An' de grub is nevuh out;
Go way boy! now hush I tell you!
Talkin' bout dat cracklin' bread,
Go way wid dem greasy chittlins,
An' dat steamin' sody bread!

You kaint tell me 'bout dat cookin',
How dem women fry sweet co'n;
Fau you see I know all 'bout it;
Right dah I was bred an' bo'n;
Knows all 'bout dat greasy co'n-bread,
Like a wedge, in size an' weight,
When you touch it wid yo' fingas,
It will crumble in yo' plate.

Dem delicious sody-biscuits,
Was de bes' you evah eat;
An' dat good ol' home-cured-bacon,
An' dem hams is hard to beat;
In all de homes you tarried
In ev'ry neighborhood,
You found de young fo'kes clever,
An' de ol' fo'kes kin' an' good.

Echoes of Spring.

You nevah seed sich clevah fo'kes,
You say in all yo' life?
Now Mose, mind whut I tell you!
Right down dah, pick you a wife;
Dem gals down dah 's wo'th somethin',
Dey all kin cook an' sew;
Their hands is not too tendah,
To 'ply them to de hoe.

Dey 's all de time contented,
An' nevah care to roam, except—
Whut 's dis you tell me?
You've brung a good wife home?
I thought you had been co'ten,
By dat so'tah sheepish smile;
Hush! you didn't marry 'Liza,
Ol' man Sutton's baby child?

Well I'm beat to hear dat Moses,
So I mus' shake hands a new;
Gone an' married 'Liza Sutton!
Ha! Ha! Ha! ef dat don't do.
Few fo'kes know de Sutton family,
An' their standin' jes' like me,
Mark de words I'm 'bout to tell you!
You done married Quality.

Echoes of Spring.

THE MYSTERIES.

There is music afloat on the zephyrs,
That the harper never hath played;
The Muse holds many a lyric,
That no bard ever hath made.

There lay 'neath our feet, precious treasures,
Had man but the wisdom, he'd find;
All mysteries lay at his fingers,
But the depth is too deep for his mind.

The mounts have unscaleable summits,
Where mortal never doth roam;
Where the wild birds build in the rocks of
the hill,
And the grey eagle finds her a home.

There are isles in the mighty ocean,
So far, far away from main land;
There are fishes that swim in her waters,
Unknown, and unheard of by man.

Echoes of Spring.

Yes, the myst'ry of life is a marvel;
And man has never been told,
Of the tie that binds life's existence,
Or the veil that hems in the soul.

So we 're groping in search of something,
Something we never will find,
Till we change to a spirit immortal,
And dwell in a far away clime.

Echoes of Spring.

SPRING.

Spring comes again with budded trees,
With singing birds and honey bees;
She fans my brow with balmy breeze,

Sweet gentle Spring!

She's robed in bright, and sparkling
green;

With wreathes of flowers fair to be seen;

'Tis well to dwell beneath this queen,

I love thee Spring!

A LOVERS' PLEA.

I have heard the song birds singing,

I have heard the curlews call;

I have heard sweet charming music,

On mine ears it gently fall.

I have heard the robin-red-breast,

And the cooing of the dove,

I've been charmed by inspiration,

Now my heart doth melt with love.

Echoes of Spring.

Yes, the curlew's call reminds me,
Of a voice, full well I know;
And the balmy zephyrs blowing,
Drift my thoughts to long ago.

And the rippling brook reminds me,
Of her laughter all the while;
And the bright and golden sun light,
Of her sweet angelic smile.

It is love that now possess me,
And my heart for one doth yearn;
I have loved thee true dear Helen,
Dost thou love me in return?

Echoes of Spring.

A SONG TO ETHIOPIA.

I will sing of Ethiopia, my own rejected race;
Of her noble sons and daughters
That Caucasias will not trace.

Join in the chorus brethren!

Your voice is tuned for song,
Unite each voice together.
And sing it loud and long.

So long we've been rejected!

For since Queen Sheba's reign,
We've fell from wealth to servants;
Have worn the bondage chain.

Unfurl your hidden banners,
In freedom's name for right!
And show to foes our colors,
And sing with all your might!

Sing out with bold defiance,

Sing of Ethiopie's bitter lot!

Of Caucasias's deeds ignoble,

That the flood of time can't blot.

Gird on your armor brethren!

God lends a hand this day;
To all who cry for justice,
He'll remember in the fray.

Echoes of Spring.

Let the blast of freedom's trumpet
Ring reverberating sound,
Till each foe 'gainst Ethiopia,
Falls exhausted to the ground.
Bold We'll sing of Ethiopia,
Let it come from every mouth,
Till it fill wood-land and mountain;
Through the North and through
the South.

A LIVING GOD.

I know there is a living God,
Who reigns supreme on high;
Who shaped each path where mortals trod,
And paints the azure sky.

The lilies of the furtile fields,
Which glorifies the land,
With raiments bright, sweet odor yields
Beneath His great command.

His powerful hand illumines the sun,
With glittering rays of light;
He fixed the countless stars, each one,
To twinkle through the night.

Echoes of Spring.

In gorgeous splendor pure and bright,
He decorate the trees ;
He shapes the wind, obscure from sight,
And fills the mighty seas.

He holds the life of mortal man,
Through days of bliss and pain ;
And fits us with an inner soul,
That we might live again.

He plants the mighty forest trees,
Which crowns the wood-land hill ;
By His command the waters flow,
Through many a thousand rill.

The sparrow finds her simple wants,
The needy finds their bread ;
Earth's humblest creatures ne'er
should daunt.
He sees that all are fed.

I know there is a living God !
Or whence these wonders come ;
The birth of time, the fleeting breath,
The orbs that fill yon dome ?

Echoes of Spring.

E'en the benighted heathen man,
Has found a sacred shrine;
And seeing wonders of God's hand,
Seeks for a life divine.

A STRANGE VISION.

I had a vision in the calm of night,
When all the air was filled with stillness round;
Me thought, my soul had broke her earthly thrall,
And stood and gazed upon the dungeon,
Once in misery dwelt.

She did not take her flight to foreign lands
at once,
But lingered there about the corpse unseen,
By all the friends who stood around,
With tokens of respect for one no more;
Their tearful weeping eyes,
Paid tribute to the dead.

Echoes of Spring.

Then turned my soul from the drear dungeon
gates,
And journeyed pass a thousand different worlds;
Looked neither left nor right, but journeyed on
Until she reached a river, vast and wide.

She paused upon the stormy banks and gazed
beyond,
Beheld ten thousand seraphim in air,
Who sang aloud sweet anthems,
In an unknown tongue, that chorded
With a-thousand harps of gold.

Prone was my soul to join that heavenly throng,
But feared to venture, for the billows rolled,
And seemed thus to defy her journey o' er,
Until a mighty trumpet pierced the air,
And calmed the angry billows of the tide.

So loud and sweet the music pierced my ears,
With chants of welcome, anthems loud and strong;
My soul 'rose in the air as if on wings,
And took her flight to reach the other side.

But ere she reached the other side I woke;
And found about me stillness of the night;
Around my couch was darkness all I saw,
I wept—because the vision was not true.

Echoes of Spring.

A PROPOSAL.

Miss Sally, stop yo' foolin',
An' hush dat geeglin', do!
Say honey, don't you luv' me,
De same as I luv' you?
Dis is a serious moment!
I cum thu ice an' snow;
Miss Sally wont yo have me?
Now Honey— don't say "no!"

Yo' mammy, she is willin'
Yo' pappy's, willin' to;
And I— you know is willin'!
I leave de rest to you.
Fau me an' you's been cou'tin',
Two years, an' maby mo',
Miss Sally wont you have me?
Now Honey— don't say "no!"

Now whut you say about it?
Miss Sally, Honey, Dear!
My life would be so happy,
Ef you was always near.
Hark! I believe dat I hear Music;
Driftin' from Luv's happy lan',
Let me stop a bit an' lis'en,
Let me hold dat little han'!

Echoes of Spring.

So Miss Sally, you've consented,
Let yo' head lean on my breast;
We'll be happy, wont we, Honey?
I'm so gled you answered "YES!"
Think you kin be ready Christmas?
I got nothin' much to buy,
But de furniture on payments;
You'll be ready? so will I.

FRITZ MOHLER'S DREAM.

It was a cold and wintry night,
The snow fell thick and fast;
All living creatures far and near,
Had sheltered from the blast.
Bill Wickmann's bar was crowded;
With loafers boistous loud;
Scott Johnson, with his banjo,
Made music for the crowd.

"Kum poys un' have vun thrink on me!"
Bill Wickmann shouted loud;
Scott Johnson dropped his banjo,
And elbowed through the crowd.
The black man sang a health he did,
The white fo'kes stood around;
He knocked a fancy step or two,
Then quaffed the brandy down.

Echoes of Spring.

Scarce had the crowd retreated,
To card and billiard game,
In came a large old German,
Fritz Mohler was his name.
A queer, old-looking, fellow,
His head was large and round;
His shoulders stooped, his curled hair gray;
His voice a husky sound.

He paused to gaze upon the crowd,
At Johnson, who was singing
An old time, lively banjo-song,
Droll rhymes and music ringing.
He sang about the Polly Wogg,
The snake, and tera pin's, habbit;
The June-bug, possum, and the coon,
The big-eyed, stub-tailed, rabbit.

Sang something, 'bout old uncle Gabe,
Who 'stonished the plantation,
"With pisin vipa's up his sleeves,"
And other conjurations.
Sang something 'bout the crow and crane,
And how he went a kitin,'
'Wid his ole maustah's span of mules,
Way down the road to Bright'n."

Echoes of Spring.

Fritz gazed upon that colored man,
No mirth was in his look
Until his song had reached the end;
With laughter Mohler shook.
"Vell poys, let's take a thrink oon dot,
Dot means fo' vun un all,"
The bottles clanked and each man drank,
But Scott refused the call.

"Vell Chonson, call you vunce agin;
Coom up un haf a clas o' jin!
Vot make you in dot corner stand?
You, look yest like a demperence man.
Be not ashame Got made you plack,
Coom valk right quick tis vay!
Dot should n't make your spirit lack,
All men be mate of clay.

A vite cow's milk, be vite you know;
A plack cow's milk, be yest like snow.
A plack man's principal 's the same,
If he ches thri to keep his name."
Then Johnson took a "pony,"
And sang a toast along;
Fritz Mohler o'er his lager-beer,
Sang loud a German Song.

Echoes of Spring.

The men all boozed and jolly,
The blazing fire agleam,
"Coom poys!" old Mohler shouted;
"I vish to del mine thream!"

THE DREAM

"Me thream last Tu' stay night you know,
Dot night de ground vas vite mit snow,
Each star vas bright, the vin dit plo;
Dot vas a funny thream!

Me thream ven I vas in mine bet,
Me heard a noisy foot step tret,
Mine hair stood straight upon my het;
Dot vas a funny thream!
Me knew it vas a thief you pet,
But vas too fraid to catch him, yet
I tiptoed out mine house an' set;
Und all tis vas a thream.

He valked so easy like a mouse,
He mate right for mine shicken house;
He pushed dot door, he made vun souse;
Dot vas a funny thream!
Und ten me yelled out pretty quick,
Me threw at him, tis hick'ry stick,
Und ten at me he fired a brick
Dot vas a funny thream.

Echoes of Spring.

He looked yest like Scott Chonson here,
Far ten he vas upon me near,
Und ten me yelled mit dreadful fear;
 Dot vas a funny thream.
He stole from me tree shickens vite;
He turnt an ran mit all his might;
Over te fence an' 'cross te lawn;
I voke fen day vas shining bright,
 Und found tree of mine shickens gone.

Scott Johnson 'rose with fury;
And shouted, "Look ah heah!
You say I stole dem chickens, sah,
You got to make dat clear!
All night you've flung yo' hints about,
An' now ole man you jes' look out!
Dis sortah talk will nevah do,
Or I will "PICK A CROW" wif you;
 I did n't steal yo' chickens!

"Me did n't say you stole tem Scott,
Vot fah you got at me so hot?
A thream be sometimes vat its not,
 Dot vas a funny thream!
I missed mine shickens, dot vas true,
I saw a plack man yest like you,
I voke an vas tree shickens out,
Un dot is all I know about;
 Dot vas a funny thream!

Echoes of Spring.

So Chonson, dot vud make you clear,
So let us haf a clas of peer!
Me pleve tis getin' late me fear,
 Dot only vas a thream!
And so these two men drank again,
But neither sang a song;
 Old Fritz still believe his dream is right;
And Scott still swear 'twas wrong.

THE END.



CONTENTS

	PAGE.
A Morning Scene.	1
To Helen.	3
A Serenade.	4
By-gone Days.	6
Tale of the Wind.	8
Yes.	12
Twilight Hour.	13
Love's Passion.	15
The Maiden's Song.	16
A Memorial.	18
An Ode to Ireland.	20
Santa Claus' sleigh ride.	21
Eulogy on the Farm.	24
What is Love?	27
Good-Night.	28
A Christmas Carol.	29
The Rose.	31
A Love Song.	32
Beyond the Tomb.	33
Miss Susie's Social.	35
Midwinter's Reflection.	40
A Request.	42
A Deserted Homestead.	44
My Lady Love.	47
The Bachelor's Soliloquy.	49
The Self-Same Way.	50

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Night.	51
Down Murray's Hall.	53
A Congratulation.	58
The Mysteries.	61
Spring.	63
A Lover's Plea	63
A Song to Ethiopia.	65
A Living God.	66
A Strange Vision.	68
A Proposal.	70
Fritz Mohler's Dream.	71

Sept 7 1901

AUG 17 1901

Received of the
Hon. Secy. of the Navy





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 395 407 6

